

History of
MRS. ELIZABETH CUMMINS DAVIS

Compiled by her granddaughter
Eva Hilda Johnson (widow)
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HISTORY OF

MARY ELIZABETH CUMMINGS DAVIS

A small, frail, soft-spoken woman patiently called her eight husky, healthy children to the kitchen of the humble cottage in Gibson County, Tennessee, where her devoted husband was waiting. The big day had finally arrived. Preparations were complete for the great exodus. The herd of sheep grazed in the yard unbothered, and the team were oblivious of what was to come. Obstacles were tremendous, and hardships were every day occurrences when John and Rachael Canada Kennedy Cummings loaded all their earthly goods in a covered wagon, drawn by the unassuming team, and moved the West in 1852.

Hundreds of other families had gone West—not for gold, but for their new

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Anecdote of William Henry Davis of Hailstone Utah.

Each Spring he would take Rex Blackley in his one seat buggy down to the Neb Webb home in Daniel to get four piglets to bring home to raise each year. They were placed in gunny sacks and kept moist on way home.

The buggy was always pulled by "Dick" a brown Morgan horse.

We always used a 2-wheel cart with "Dick" a Pacing horse to go swimming at Lukes or Schneitters.

Rex nearly cut "his ear off". One day, Aunt Liz quickly hooked up "Dick" to the one-seat buggy to rush Rex to the Dr in Heber from Hailstone. Dr Wherritt was waiting at Tom Giles home at North Main to help.



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By the year, 1850, Mormonism was extending its truths and principles to people in many eastern states, through its missionary program. With the rejection and violence that was being shown by so many easterners, countless humble, sincere converts packed their fragile belongings, and moved westward.

Many devout people had moved their families to Nauvoo, Illinois, where they hoped some peace could be found. But, such was not their lot. The temple was burned and the Saints were persecuted more severely than ever before. Consequently, Zion moved west. It was in the Far West—only there did it seem possible for these people to find religious freedom.

Since the trip was so dangerous, and difficult, companies were formed to ease the burden and lessen the fatalities. So it was in Mather Caldwell's company that Elisha Jones, and his wife Margaret Talbott Jones brought their family and belongings to Forest in 1850, to seek religious refuge.

Elisha was the son of Thomas and Mary Naylor Jones, and had lived in Jefferson County, Ohio, where he was born on June 11, 1813. His good wife was born in Pennsylvannia, Morgan County, Ohio, on March 15, 1815. Her parents, Abner and Sarah Melhollidell Talbott, had come to Ohio from Maryland, many years before. Elisha and Margaret Jones had resided in Pennsylvannia, Morgan County, Ohio, for many years after their marriage. There, several of their children were born—possibly eleven or twelve of the fourteen. The seven who survived adulthood, were as follows: Martha Jones (Henderson), Elisha, Mary Jones (Duke), Sarah Jones (Cummings), Joseph, Elizabeth Jones (Henderson), and Hyzini. Sarah, the eighth child will be of primary interest in this drama of early Utah life.

The trip West by Elisha and Margaret Jones was accentuated by the usual exhaustion, fears, illnesses, and hardships that beset all wagon trains. When their destination was finally reached, they chose Heber City, Utah as their refuge in the West. Here they built a home for their little family at third north and Center Street. In conjunction with his home, Elisha set up a blacksmith shop, and a shoemaker's shop. Here one could find him part of the day or night, spending the hours as he shod the cows and horses, or repaired and mended shoes for countless numbers of pioneer feet. The other part of the day would find Elisha in his fields, farming diligently as he helped Mother Earth reproduce those necessities to sustain life. He was a well built man for this work. Although only average height, he was heavy set and very strong.

Elisha was a deeply religious man, and he knew his religion was one of his most precious possessions. He loved little children, and they in turn were very attached to him. He attended church regularly, and kept a constant vigil on his family's attendance also. He was always a devoted husband and father.

This was a happy experience for Elisha and Margaret after they were settled in their home in the West. There were, of course, difficulties and problems which arose, but these were met with renewed courage and strengthened character by both. Twelve years went by—most of the children were approaching adulthood. They had established their own homes, families and occupations.

On March 24, 1862, tragedy struck at the heart of Elisha. His beloved Margaret was called by death to an even greater mission on the other side. She had completed a most noble, converging, earthly mission, and left a grief-stricken husband and family. However, all were consoled by the wonderful teachings, and beliefs their Mormon religion offered them. They were, indeed, grateful for its beautiful philosophy.

To him, Elisha married again. His second wife was Sarah Ann Cummings, daughter of John and Rachael Cummings. "Sally", as Sarah was called, moved into Elisha's home, and became a second mother to his family. Sally was also blessed with seven children of her own. They were Sam, Rachael Jones (Tee), Mary Jones (Tee), Mary Jones (Tee), Nancy Jones (Hobbes), Susie Jones (Hobbes), and Lavinia Jones (Tee).

At this early period of church history, Mormonism accepted and practiced the doctrine of polygamy. Only the most righteous, worthy members of the church were given this right, as a means of caring for the widowed women, and fatherless children, and as a means of increasing the membership of the church. Among the members of the church who were chosen was Elisha Jones. Elisha's mother died, and Elisha married his brother's widow, Caroline De Haight Allen Jones. He built a home across the road east of his residence and establishment where the old residence now stands. It was here that they raised a family of seven children. Their names were: Isaac (called Ike), Lavinia (called Vina) Jones, 1818 (this would be a mistake), Edward, Eliza Jones (Houlton), and Caroline Jones (Tee). Elisha started his family early, when Sam was thrown from a horse and killed.

(Elisha Jones also married Anna Ferguson, but little is known of her, or her marriage to this writer.) Providing adequately for a family of three wives and 11 children would indeed be a challenge to any man at any time. Yet, Elisha did an excellent job.

Not only was he a great family man, but a devoted church member, and a true and sincere member of his community and country. He attained the highest degree of the priesthood of his church, through righteous living and worthy personal qualifications. He served as Bishop of the East Ward of Heber City for many years. With such wonderful characteristics of integrity and leadership so evident, it is not wonder that he was elected to the position of Justice of the Peace, by his community. He served in this capacity for many years. Nor did he neglect his military. He honored and respected it by serving as a soldier during the Indian Wars.

It can be said with humility, that upon the death of Elisha Jones, in August, 1880, in Heber City, Utah, one can mark the passing of a truly great man—a loyal citizen, a devoted church member, an exemplary father.

cattle as Father C. prospered over the years. Eventually his herd was enlarged to 101 head of cattle, so his family was surely adequately provided for. It became an abundant life for all, with plenty of food, clothes, money, necessities and luxuries.

With her talent for sewing, Mother C. always kept her family dressed well. As the girls grew older, she often hired some one else to make their clothes. One of Lizzie's fondest memories centers around her "favorite" dress. She received it when she was nine years old. How happy and proud she was! It seemed that her heart would burst with sheer joy, each time she wore it. The style of the dress was called a "polonaise", as she remembers. (This could have been a variation of the popular "polonaise" style of the 18th century.) It was simple in design—with a bright lining, a collar, long sleeves, and buttons down the back. Lizzie recalls that it was a "steel" shade, and the climactic event occurred when she had her picture taken in it. As the years went by, the Cummings family prospered, and Lizzie dressed beautifully. She never wanted for clothes. However, no dress ever surpassed her little "polonaise".

All of the children attended school. The old rock school house was conveniently located just two blocks from the old Cummings' home. It consisted of just one long table with a board for a bench. Around this, all the children, of all ages sat, while the teacher took care of the needs of his students. Here, Lebor Moulton, and later Henry Glegg, diligently guided the pupils through their three R's. Each student had a slate, but there was but one book for reading. Each student took his turn reading aloud. School started at 9 o'clock, and dismissed at 4 p. m. There were two recess periods, and a one hour noon period during the school day. The rest of the time was devoted to study. How wonderful those recess periods were—time to play ball and tag! And how little Lizzie loved to play "Steal the sticks" with "Uncle" Feggie Hicken's children. The Hicken children were favorite playmates who lived across the road from the Cummings family. They were such fine neighbors; the Cummings children always called Mrs. Hicken, "aunt", even though they were not related.

The boys attended school until they were about fifteen or sixteen years old. Then they helped their Father, or attended college. Some of the Cummings boys worked on another job, until they married and established their own businesses, or sought their own fates.

School days were completed without fuss or fanfare. There were no graduation exercises or diplomas. The students just attended until they reached a certain age, or covered a specific amount of subject matter.

Life was a mixture of work and pleasures for the Cummings family, and their church played a very important part. Sunday School and Mutual were held in the Town Hall, and the family attended regularly. Mother C. was never too busy for church work. She was always active in some organization.

When Lizzie was about thirteen years old, Father C. bought a large home consisting of eight rooms, on the corner of second south and Main Street. The public library is now situated in that particular location. There were mixed feelings, naturally, regarding the change. The old home, though small and crowded, held so many fond memories, and pleasant recollections—yet, the anticipation of a large, spacious house was a thrill of a "dream come true".

As a final touch to a score of memories, the last marriage in the family was held in the old home. This gracious event occurred but a short time before the family moved to their new home. At Thanksgiving time, an elaborate wedding was held. When Rachael married Thomas Giles, November 30, 1882, the event seemed

to be the final composite of a real "home"—one which had held within its walls, the ring of laughter, the tenderness of love, the glow of friendship, the warmth of hospitality, the joy of giving, and was sprinkled a bit with sorrow and sadness.

Lizzie was just thirteen when they moved into the "big" home. How thrilled she was! Perhaps the uppermost thing that made the whole thing so exciting, was the fact that she and her sister, Mary, now had a bedroom all to themselves. It possessed one of the most wonderful beds in the world, with its huge feather tick, and so many beautiful, hand-made quilts.

One of the biggest adjustments the children had to make after they moved to the new home, was the extra distance they had to walk to school. But this seemed a minor necessity, when they thought to compare it with all the advantages their new home offered.

As the years went by, Lizzie seemed to be drawn closer to John, her older brother, than to any of the other siblings. Naturally, she loved all of them, but she and John seemed to understand each other better. More often than not, one would find them together—enjoying each other's company, working out problems, or planning for future events.

In her Grandpa's was always active in church, and held various positions over the years. About 1885, she was State Mutual Improvement Association President. With such interest at home, it was only natural the Cummings children should be active in church also.

Primary was held for the children each Friday afternoon, from four to five o'clock. Lizzie especially remembers one teacher she had in Primary, when she was about seven years old. Sister Ellen Lee dutifully taught all of the children who attended. This was truly a responsible position—to instill religious concepts and principles within the hearts and minds of thirty or forty children of varying ages, from under twelve years, at the same time. She was the only teacher. She surely must have fulfilled her duties in an intriguing way—to be remembered so well, all over nearly eighty years!

Sunday School and Mutual were held in the Town Hall, and the Cummings family attended regularly. Grandfather Elisha Jones always called at the home of his daughter, every Sunday morning to see if all were ready for church.

After the family moved to their new home on Main Street, Lizzie seemed to become a "young lady" over night. It wasn't long before she was attending the "handy pulls", church socials and public dances. Soon she became interested in boy friends, and started "dating". When she was about fifteen years old, she started to go with Will Watson. Will was a lot of fun. He took her to the socials, candy pulls, parties and dances.

Center Street was a popular place to dance at that time, and what a gay time everyone had! One night in particular, Lizzie and Will were dancing, when Lizzie caught the sole of her shoe on the rough floor, and ripped the sole half off. Mr. and Mrs. Watson noticed that their son and Lizzie had a problem, so they stopped dancing, and the young couple went over where they were. Mr. Watson asked what the trouble was. Lizzie lifted her foot and showed him the torn sole. He took one look, and then said, "Put your foot up here." With that he took out his pocket-knife, and with one stroke cut off the dangling sole. Now the couples laughed as they merrily danced away!

Father and Mother Cummings attended the dances, as well as their children. These dances were perhaps one of Father Cummings's most thrilling experiences. As the fiddle started the "Square dance" music, and the caller took his place, everyone began to take his place on the dance floor. One of Father Cummings's

happy moments, was when his own family could make up two squares for dancing--and each did such a beautiful job. Besides Mother C. and himself, Ike, "Fish", Rachael, Marge, John and Lizzie joined together to form the two squares. What father wouldn't be proud! Surely he had every right to be thrilled.

And so, time passed, and Lizzie blossomed from an awkward, lanky child, to a lovely, graceful, young lady. Her wardrobe was sure to be envied, and she had been told many times that she was the "prettiest girl in town". Her youth was a joyful, pleasant, exciting time, which bestowed a countless number of unforgettable memories.

After she had dated Will Watson for about a year, he gave her an engagement ring. She accepted it. She still wore it when she attended college at the age of sixteen. In September, 1886, Lizzie, and two of her brothers, Ike and John were taken to Provo to attend the Brigham Young University.

The three of them roomed in a hotel, and they had a glorious time. Money was no problem, and the future looked extremely bright. There were many Heber students at the "U", so the Cummings's had many merry times. Among those students attending, were John and Lindy Cummings, (Lindy was sister), George Giles, and William Davis, (room-mates), and two sisters, Georgianna and Sophie Clyde, who was nicknamed "Fed".

There were many mischievous pranks played and countless exciting adventures. Lizzie could never forget the time she and Lindy Cummings asked the manager of the hotel for some apples. She was gracious enough to give them one each. Lindy was disgusted, and thought the manager was very stingy. To correct this great "injustice", the girls quietly slipped down to the apple baskets in the basement, and proceeded to fill their bloomers, which buttoned below the knee, with the shiny, delicious fruit. Needless to say, there was ample room in the pantaloons to conveniently hide a large number of apples, which were taken to the girls's room, and thoroughly enjoyed for many days.

It was during college classes that Lizzie became acquainted with a fellow student from Heber--Will Davis. She had never met Will before, even though he had lived on a ranch eight miles north of Heber, all his life. It was not long before Will was running close competition with Will Watson, to win the charms and love of Lizzie.

The months passed by, and school became routine for the students. They were very happy to see their folks at Thanksgiving and Christmas time, because that was really their first time away from home.

Christmas at the Cummings home was centered around the banquet dinner. They didn't have a Christmas tree, but it was customary to hang the stockings under the mantle shelf. Each received candy and nuts, and always something to wear. But the greatest thrill of all came with that long table, overflowing with chicken, ham, potatoes, gravy, pies cakes, and all the trimmings which are the indicators of abundant living.

As the months passed by, winter transformed into a lovely, delicate spring. The cold winds changed to gentle breezes, the snows melted and the water-drenched earth was soon resplendent with a variegated cloak of green grass, new crops, brilliantly tinted flowers, and budding trees. With the change of seasons, came a change of emotions in Lizzie. She had been wearing Will Watson's ring for a year now. He was deeply in love with her, she knew. She, in turn, was very fond of him, but she knew, deep down within her heart, that she could never marry him. It wouldn't be fair to him, or herself, because her heart wouldn't be in it. It was impossible for her heart to be with Will Watson, because she knew for a certainty, now, that it belonged to William Davis. She started dating Will Davis after she met him in classes at the B. Y. U. She had been going with both fellows for a year now, so she felt that she had had sufficient time to draw a realistic conclusion.

The shock was a terrific one for Will Watson. He was heart-broken when Lizzie returned his ring. Further tragedy struck the Watson family, too, when Will's mother was gored to death by a bull, a short time later. She was wearing "Lizzie's" ring at the time.

School days continued at the B. Y. U., and Lizzie was "flirting on a cloud". She and Will were in love!

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School days continued at the B. Y. U., and being accented by her dates with Will Davis, Lizzie found living almost in the blissful stage. Time seemed to glide by on wings, and the gay, carefree fun and parties became unforgettable memories.

When the school year drew to a close, Will's father, Mr. Davis, came down to Provo in the wagon to bring all the Heber students home. It was a pleasant, gay trip through the beautiful Provo canyon.

Lizzie didn't return to the B. Y. the next Fall. Her thoughts and plans were moving along other channels. She was dating Will Davis steadily. Will worked at the Madison ranch at Elkhorn, eight miles north of Heber. He came to see Lizzie about three times a week--which always included the Friday night dance. Will rode his horse to town, then he and Lizzie would walk to the socials. These dates would usually last until midnight, or one a.m. Occasionally, though, the clock would chime 2 or 3 as Lizzie returned home. Mother and Father Cummings were well aware of their daughter's feelings and emotions. They were ever ready to guide and direct her whether it be advice, or just listening. Often, if Lizzie and Will lingered at the gate too late after an evening date, Father Cummings's clear voice would penetrate the darkness from the house with, "Lizzie, darn it, come in here!"

Lizzie had known Will Davis about a year and a half when he gave her a ring. She remembers vividly when he proposed. It was at her home. The family had retired, and they were alone. When Will approached her parents, Lizzie scurried out of the house and spent the day with Rachel. She didn't wish to be anywhere around at that particular time.

Mother C. helped prepare her daughter's trousseau for about six months before the pending marriage.

Early on the morning of October 17, 1888, the wedding party climbed into a wagon and drove to Park City, then from there they took the train to Logan, Utah. It was a full day's trip. They arrived at seven in the evening. There were three couples in the wedding party, and the wonderful memories of this cherished event remained bright and glorious to each couple as the years past. The Cummings and Min Averett, Addie Wooten and Lizzie Orwhiler made part of these cherished memories with Lizzie and Will.

After arriving in Logan, tired but so blissfully happy, the couples stayed at a private home that night, and went through the temple the next morning, October 18, 1888. Lizzie and Will took their marriage vows, and were sealed for time and eternity by Elder M. W. Merrill.

The six newlyweds spent their wedding night at the private home in Logan, and all returned to Park City the following day. Mr. Davis picked up the party at Park City and drove them to Heber. Lizzie and Will, however, stopped at the Davis ranch and stayed that night. It was seven miles north of Heber, and was called Elkhorn at the time. Later the name of the little community was changed to Hildene, as it is known today. October 19, 1888, Will got a two wheel buggy, hitched the horse to it, and drove his bride to Heber. He was rightfully proud, so he drove right up Main Street to Father Cummings's home. (Lizzie still gets a twinkle in her eye when she tells about it.) The couple spent two weeks with the Cummings family, and then set up housekeeping about a block and a half south on second north in Heber.

A wedding dinner and reception were held October 22, 1888, honoring the newlyweds, by Mother and Father C. 150 guests were served chicken, veal, roast beef plus pudding and all the trimmings. Aunt Alice Jones made Lizzie's wedding dress. It was a creation of beautiful pink cashmere and silk--form fitting, straight lines, and sheered on one side.

The evening of the reception, all guests found one room completely filled with wedding gifts--practical gifts, elaborate gifts, expensive gifts, gifts of every size and kind--which expressed the congratulations and best wishes of so many countless friends and relatives. Lizzie still treasures some of the today--67 years later.

Lizzie and Will remained in Heber about three months, then they moved to the Davis farm to look for Will's father. The newlyweds set up housekeeping in a small house across the "Tunnel Ditch" from the Davis house. The entire Davis family worked together on the large 660 acre farm--which was primarily a cattle ranch. Hay and grain were grown for the primary purpose of feeding the stock.

Lizzie and Will Davis found true compatibility in their marriage from the very beginning. Their family started the following year, when Zella was born July 8, 1889. Another daughter was made her debut in 1891. Will was overjoyed when Wallace his first son was born in 1893.

It was a busy life for Lizzie with her husband and three small children to care for. Some might consider this a full-time job. Not Lizzie! She also found time to be president of the Young Womens Mutual Improvement Association about 1894. There was a small war at Hailstone. Church was held in the school house, where the Pole Camp is now situated. People came from all the surrounding farms to attend their church meetings. The school house was the largest public building available, so all socials and dances were also held there.

About this time, "Grandpa" Davis, as Will's father was called, died, so Will and his brother "Bob" (Robert), bought out the other members of the family. Thus began a partnership which was to exist for many, many years. Will had a large, frame house built for Lizzie and his little family--a house that was to become one of the most friendly, hospitable houses in all the surrounding territory.

Will and Lizzie moved into their home in the fall of 1895, and it was here they were to build their future together for the next 44 years. There was only one interruption in this period. Shortly after the house was built, Will was offered a good job hauling ore in Park City, Utah, a booming mining town just ten miles north of the ranch. With the added expense of the farm and house, Will accepted. He and Lizzie took their three little tots and moved to Park City, where they remained for about five years, before they returned to the ranch.

Lizzie and Will never made a habit of becoming "bound" to the house, when their children were small. There was too much of a spark, which required carefree fun and entertainment in each of them for this couple to hibernate after marriage. If there was a good time to be had, they were never the ones to miss it. One would always find them wherever there was frivolity, gayety and laughter. Nor did these good parents believe in leaving their children alone, or with baby-sitters. No, indeed! When there was a dance at the "Drain Tunnel", (where the Park Utah Mine is now located), Will and Lizzie would bundle up the three babies, and away they would go to the affair. The dances would last far into the night, usually, and when the sun should send its first rays over the top of the mountain, before the last strains of the fiddle music died away and the reluctant dancers resigned themselves to the fact that with the sun came daily work and chores for all farmers.

If there wasn't a dance, Will and Lizzie would have parties in their home, or attended one at the homes of their friends. Many nights Bishop Cluff would come over with his two counselors, Orson Lee and Harry Morris, and their wives. The four couple would then proceed to play "High Five". At midnight, the card game would stop and the women would cook a big dinner. After the dishes were done, and everything cleared away, did the party break up? Oh No! Quite the contrary! The fun had just begun! Back to the game went the eager players, and many times it was broad daylight before the losers finally acknowledged their defeat, and "gave up" until next time. The card games usually fell on an evening when there wasn't a dance. Dances were scheduled in the little community about three times a week, and were usually held in the school house.

Lizzie and Will had moved into their home before it was completely finished. It took a while to add the final touches, but at last the kitchen was completed. This was the gesture which called for an "open house"--a party honoring the occasion. The celebrations began with a dance at the school house. For the intermission, all the guests were served a big dinner at the ranch house, then the entire party returned to the school house, where the dancing continued all night. Lizzie remembers this as one of the biggest dinners she ever prepared. Ham, beef, and all the trimmings were served to 150 guests. The guests included many important people of the surrounding towns, countless friends and neighbors, George Jones, president of the Ontario Drain Tunnel, and all the officials of this booming business were present. It can surely be said that there was "never a dull moment" at this party.

Lizzie was never afraid of work. While Will hauled wood, she would care for her three babies, and clean the house--plus milking 14 head of cows. If Will was late she always tried to get the "chores" done before he returned. These chores could very easily have included chopping the wood, feeding the chickens, carrying two twenty pound baskets of scraps to the pigs, (at the same time), pitching some hay to the livestock, milking the 14 cows, straining the milk, washing the buckets and pails before putting them neatly away, carrying the milk down the cellar, and leaving the "wash house" spic and span again. The three babies were taken care of during this period, and in her "spare" time, Lizzie would have a huge fire roaring in the wood stove, and a big, hot, steaming dinner would be ready and waiting for Will when he came home. If that dinner were chicken, it meant that Lizzie had broiled the

hurry to the chicken yard, aim carefully, and shoot off the heads of as many chickens as she needed. Izzie was a "crack" shot, and never missed.

One of the first, great misfortunes which occurred in Izzie's life, and was to cause her to summons all her extra courage and strength, happened just before Christmas, 28 1897. Mother C. had been ailing for years, but this determined, devoted woman struggled on, and kept up a busy, active life, regardless of her afflictions. However, her stomach and liver ailments finally became so acute, her last 18 months were spent confined to her bed. It was a Monday morning around ten o'clock when this noble, conscientious woman closed her eyes on earthly pain and was relieved by death from her physical suffering. Here had been an exemplary life indeed--a loving, respectful wife, a devoted mother, a faithful church member. Surely the good Lord was pleased with such an earnest daughter.

Izzie's fourth child was born just twelve days later. Nellie made her appearance into the world, December 18 1897, and before she was two weeks old, Will and Izzie huddled up their four offspring, loaded the sewing machine and feather bed in the wagon, closed the ranch home and moved to Heber with Father Cummings. They took to the care of him and the boys and Louella, who were still at home. Izzie cooked, cleaned washed, ironed and cared for all--Will and her four babies, Father C., John, Billy, Torrey, Jody, Eli, Francis, and Louella. All did their share to lighten her load wherever possible. Her brothers helped with the washing. Patiently each turned the handle of the washer, over and back, over and back, until the guide inside the old machine had beaten the dirt out the clothes. Then, of course, the white clothes,--towels, dish towels, pillow cases, etc.--were always boiled in the big boiler which was set directly above the coals in the stove. Izzie used so much lye, and such hot water, it was a miracle the clothes were in one piece after a few wash days. However, cleanliness was the prime factor involved, and a white, sparkling line of washing, blowing in the breeze, was one of the most revealing features which proved the mark of good housekeeping. Izzie's was always one of the whitest in town.

Will brought his team from the ranch also, and helped Father C. and the boys earn their 160 acres. They still had the cattle, too, so there was plenty to do. And so for eight years, Izzie and Will unselfishly adjusted their lives and made their home with Father Cummings.

On March 25, 1905, Izzie gave birth to a son, Douglas C. Davis. The babe lived only one and one-half hours until it died. The cause of death was heart trouble. Izzie remained with her sister Rachel Giles until she was feeling well again, then returned to her father's home, where she resumed her responsibilities.

The doctor came to see Father C. quite regularly. April 6, 1905, he made his usual visit and left a prescription. After the doctor had gone, Father C. got out of bed and went into the living room. He had forgotten to bring his prescription with him, so he sent his young granddaughter, Mae, to get it for him. She was now 14 years old, and when she returned with the medicine, she found that Father C. was no longer in need of it. He succumbed very quietly, and very suddenly. The death of this stalwart man was quite a shock to Izzie and the other members of the family, but their grief was courageously and bravely endured. They loved this great man. Their respect and esteem for him was beyond measure. He had been an ideal father--one who taught by precept and example, one who provided so abundantly, one who loved and cherished them so dearly. Small wonder this man was missed so much by so many!

After the estate had been settled, Izzie and Will once again opened the doors of their own home. The fires were lighted, the house became warm, familiar sounds and smells once again permeated from within, laughter echoed, hard work and labor were in evidence, and friends once more began to seek the friendly hospitality which was typical of the Davis ranch for the next thirty six years.

Time passed all too quickly. Will and Izzie prospered as a result of their diligent hard work. Will's teams were some of the finest in the country. No one ever took better care of his animals either. He was always gentle and kind to them, and his was the patience of Job. Will was always ready to give a helping hand--regardless of the time--day or night. Countless times during or after storms, he got up in the middle of the night, harnessed his big, white horse, and helped pull cars out of the mud. With him always was a cheery smile and a pleasant attitude--even mentioning remuneration was an insult to him. With a wave of his hand, and a flash of a smile, he would wish the drivers on their way, and fade into

the darkness with his horse. The mailmen who had the rural route were especially grateful to him. There were countless times he helped them out of the mud and even took them on to Park City, when their cars were stalled--delivering the mail with them along the way. Eliza Duke was the mail carrier for years, and Will Davis was held in his highest esteem. Will, in turn, considered "Idah" a special friend, and looked forward to his daily visit.

Will loved children and always took them to affairs and special events on the holidays. When the small church Ward Party was held, Will would always take his "white top", gather up all the children in the Ward, and away they would go to the Hot Pots, or wherever the party was held. These Ward Parties were a favorite event to Will. He looked forward to them from year to year, and enjoyed them immensely. The thing Will loved to do most, was entertain children--his own and others. Sometimes five, he would gather his own little family, plus Eliza's sister Ethel's children, and would spend the better part of an evening making molasses candy for them.

Will hauled lumber on regular occasions and his children were ever watchful for his return. And little wonder, because this thoughtful father always had big bags of goodies tied on the sleigh when he returned. One can imagine their delight with such a treat.

Christmas was always accented with a large wooden bucket of hardback candy. It just wouldn't have been Christmas without it! Will continued this simple custom throughout his entire life, and what fond memories have resulted!

Sunday afternoon usually found a ballgame in progress, when Will and Eliza were first married. This, too, marked a special event in Will's life. He was always full of about it, and the two were always in attendance.

There was never a kinder man than Will Davis! Zella, his daughter, never remembers her dad ever saying a cross word to her. She also recalls that he always smiled at her whenever she looked his way. Nor was this smile and attitude reserved for her alone--it was such an ingrained characteristic of him, all were privileged to enjoy it.

Eliza and Will worked hard each day, and as the sun set, their work done, and supper over, they liked to enjoy a quiet, restful evening with their family and friends. The evening was most likely spent, reading, visiting or making a batch of molasses candy. Then everyone was off to bed. Will liked to arise early, and so did Eliza. Four-thirty or five a. m. was the beginning of each day to this conscientious couple. The end of the day, and their labors usually came with darkness. There was always a lot of work to do on a 650 acre farm. When the grain ripened in the fall, Eliza's work was increased tremendously, because then the threshers came to help thresh the grain. There were usually eight or ten men who came to stay at the ranch for five days and nights. They threshed the 1300 bushels of wheat, and Eliza and the girls cooked and cleaned for them.

Park City was a boom town during this period, and Eliza and Will went there often. They also made many trips to Heber, where they bought all supplies and necessities regularly.

Nellie, the eldest child, was soon a mature, young lady. It didn't seem possible to Eliza and Will that so many years had slipped by, and that they actually had a daughter ready for marriage. Zella married George Mackley, 1908. There was a lovely wedding at home with the customary excitement, dinner and gifts.

All of Eliza's and Will's children were good looking. As they matured, each naturally developed his own individual characteristic. May was known and admired for her cheerful disposition and her beautiful ringlets. Even though she was ailing all her life with heart trouble, her smile was with her constantly. Because of her illness, she was the only child excused from the responsibility of the household duties. Instead she would go to the fields to "help" with the haying. This "help" consisted of riding a horse back and forth. No doubt, her father and mother just enjoyed "Charlie" and her sweet smile. This was the nickname Will had for his delicate little daughter.

May was not an invalid though. She loved to dance and always attended socials. Before she was eighteen, she became engaged to the "boy next door", Rodney Morison. Only May was ever allowed to show any affection with her dates at home. If Rodney held her hand, gave her a little kiss, or even gaily picked her up and carried her, this was all right. However, Zella and Nellie were never encouraged or allowed such a show of affection.

May died of a heart attack, October 6, 1909--the day Rodney said they planned to be married. Lizzie, Will, and the family were heart broken, but remained courageous when their beloved, sparkling, little May was taken from them.

On December 29, 1910, another son was born, but Lizzie and Will had a very short period of happiness with their tiny child. Douglas Goddard Davis died of spinal meningitis, February 20, 1911--less than two months after his birth. And once again, Lizzie's courage, strength and character were given the test as she lost another loved one.

A year later, Lizzie and Will gained another daughter when their only son married Ella Jones from Heber. Wallace and Ella lived the greater part of their married life just two houses away from the ranch home, in a little house Will had built for them. Wallace worked in the mines in Park City.

Each year on Lizzie's birthday, Will always insisted on a birthday party for her. If Lizzie didn't invite guests, he did, so year after year, the event continued, until it became a tradition to all.

About 1915, Will and Lizzie made a real investment--they bought a beautiful, Hubbell player piano. It was placed in the parlor, and there it gleamed and glistened for many, many years before it was actually played--other than the record rolls. It was a definite luxury, but was the "piece de resistance" in the parlor.

On August 2, 1916, Nellie was married at home. She was the last child at home and she had a lovely wedding when she married Arnold Vane Johnson. The house was gorgeously decorated with flowers, and an arch of blossoms was added to a corner of the parlor, where the ceremony was performed. Dinner was served to 100 guests--a typical dinner Lizzie prepared. It consisted of ham, roast beef, chicken, pie, pudding, and all the trimmings.

It seemed like only yesterday that Lizzie and Will had married, yet time had slipped by, and they were grandparents. Zella had four sons, Wallace had three daughters, and Nellie had one son and three daughters as the years went by.

In the early '20's, Will also made another investment--he bought his first car. It was the biggest Buick he could find. It was a huge, dark green affair with detachable side curtains. This was the first of a series of Buicks Will was to buy during the next decade or so.

Many women of that day, were too timid to do any more than a little "back seat" driving, but such was not the case with Lizzie. She learned to drive their very first car, and she continued to drive until she was well along in her seventies.

One day Will was driving some cattle to pasture with the car. When they were about half way to Heber, Will jumped out of the car, and told Lizzie to drive on to Heber while he tended the cattle. She did! It was her first experience driving. She drove to Nellie's, and how surprised everyone was!

A few years later, Will bought a Ford pickup truck, as well as a Buick. The truck was very powerful, and had a super pick-up. Lizzie drove it occasionally too, but usually she was behind the wheel of the heavier, slower Buick. One day, she hurried out to the garage, jumped in the truck and started the motor. After shifting the gears, she stepped with great force on the accelerator, and let the clutch out with a jerk. The car plunged forward into the brick wall of the garage. The impact was so forceful, the car was thrown backwards nearly 20 or 30 feet. Most of the brick wall collapsed completely, and needless to say, the car was badly damaged. Fortunately, Lizzie was unharmed, but frightened. She did just what most women would do in a similar circumstance--she rushed to Will crying uncontrollably. Through the sobs, she explained that she meant to put the gear in reverse, but got it in second by mistake. Will just smiled and consoled her--telling her that everything was all right, and tears wouldn't help a bit. Such a thoughtful, understanding husband! Small wonder Lizzie loved him so deeply!

As is customary on a cattle ranch, Will usually had a dog. The dog was never a household pet. It was treated with kindness, but it was trained to help around the ranch, and otherwise keep out of the way. "Shorty" was, perhaps, one of the most dependable dogs Will ever had. "Shorty" was a mongrel. He was black, medium-sized, shaggy and ragged-looking. He was always dirty--his coat dull, and small clods of mud always hung offensively to his dingy fur. His appearance was misleading, however, because "Shorty" was a smart dog. Will would step outside just before sundown, and whistle through his fingers. "Shorty" came running, immediately, regardless of where he happened to be. Then Will would point toward the fields, north of the house, and

command "Shorty" to "Go get 'em!". A swift black streak could be seen for a while if one watched closely, as "Shorty", ears back, raced across the pasture and around a small hill. The cows usually pastured in a field behind this hill. Will could prepare for milking, because without fail, "Shorty" would bring all 11 cows right to the corral. He never let one stray, nor left one behind. His reward was a kind master, who smiled most of the time, and patted him on the head. His evening duty completed, "Shorty" would retire to his favorite sleeping spot under the porch.

Lizzie and Will enjoyed visiting friends. Friends and guests were always coming at this most hospitable home. There is an old adage, "To make a friend, be a friend", and Lizzie and Will surely lived up to it. After the cars and roads improved so greatly, the late '20's found driving to Provo from Heber, a pleasant way to spend a day. The writer recalls one trip in particular when she was a child, which was made with her grandparents to Provo to visit their friends. All the "travelers" were dressed in their best clothes. It was a beautiful summer day, and could have been a Sunday afternoon. The trip through Provo canyon was thrilling with its beauty and vivid, contrasting colors. Everyone felt rather elegant as we rode along in the big Buick—dressed in our best finery. When we arrived at our destination, we stepped from the car in rugel style. Looking down, Lizzie said, "My Lord, what a shaggy looking old dog they have!" Everyone gazed at the decrepit looking hound. Then someone exclaimed, "Why, isn't that your dog, Shorty?" It was! Shorty had jumped on the fender of the car, where he often rode as Will drove around the ranch, and had miraculously ridden the entire 35 miles across the curving, bumpy road.

"Shorty" lived for many years. It was a sad day when he had to be "put away" because of his suffering old age. He will always be remembered though, by many.

Lizzie was busy in the house one day, when a delivery truck from the Heber Exchange drove up and stopped. "Where would you like to have us put the living room set, Mrs. Davis?" the man asked. "Why, you must be mistaken. We didn't buy another living room set," Lizzie said.

It seemed Will was tired of sitting on hard chairs in the dining room. Since all the comfortable furniture was in the parlor, and the parlor was kept closed except for company, he decided to buy another set for the dining room, primarily for his own relaxation after a hard day's work.

In one particular section of the Davis property, there was a grove of trees. The Provo River wound its way through this grove, and the site was a perfect place for campers and picnics. Two families who were yearly visitors to the Davis ranch and campgrounds were the Holidays and the Staats. They lived in Salt Lake City, and each summer, they brought their camping equipment and food supplies, and spent several weeks at the "campgrounds". Their perishable food was stored in the Davis cellar. Nearly every morning, one would find Will slipping some milk, cream, butter, or eggs from his own supply, unbeknown to Lizzie. Then he would quickly ride to the campground and distribute the food gifts among his campers. He, of course, thought he was very clever, and was accomplishing this feat without Lizzie knowing it. I wonder how much profit this good man gained from this piece of property? His was surely not a material reward, but one much more precious—deep friendship and respect.

The "crash" had little affect upon the Davis household. They never knew want nor deprivation. They were among a fortunate few during this struggling period. Zella's four boys had come to help at the ranch as soon as they were in their teens. Each fellow stayed until he married and established his own home. Defer, the youngest still divides his time between the homes of his mother and his grandmother.

On July 13, 1931, Lizzie and Will lost their only son. It didn't come suddenly. Wallace, who had worked in the mines all his life, contracted the dreaded "Miner's Con" or tuberculosis as it is known today. He had been bedfast for weeks, and everyone knew that the inevitable was in the very near future.

The next few years brought a combination of happiness, pleasures and sorrows. There were always the countless friends visiting the ranch, and Lizzie and Will were kept busy keeping the large ranch in an efficient, profitable condition. Sorrows left their scars with the passing of many loved ones and friends. By 1938, Lizzie had faced many critical periods caused by death—two more brothers, Francis and Ed, and also her sister-in-law's husband, Tom Giles. These had been burdens to bear, but Lizzie suddenly realized that her greatest test of strength would come in the not-so-distant first future.

When a couple finds contented bliss through marriage, and their love and respect deepens with each year together, nearly all avoid or postpone the thoughts of that final, inevitable "parting". For forty-eight years, Will and Lizzie had built their life together. Through love, laughter, sweat and tears, struggle and prosperity, calm and strife, their web of life had been formed and woven around them, until they had truly become one. So it seemed to be just human nature for them to wish to avoid reality, when that reality predicted the severing of their companionship through death. However, Lizzie and Will had never been unrealistic when a crisis confronted them. So together, they faced this crisis--perhaps the most serious and heartbreaking of all. Lizzie could tell that Will's health was breaking. She first noticed it in 1936. Will tired easily, he had lost some of his pep, and was more content to just sit home and rest, rather than go on a trip or visit. Will, naturally tried to hide his troubles from Lizzie, but that was impossible--this woman, who had been such a great companion knew him as well as he knew himself. They both suspected the cause of his illness, but they were reluctant to admit it, even to themselves. Will had a secret!

Will worked for another year, and then it became impossible for him to accomplish the tremendous number of responsibilities which had become habitual with him on his ranch. It was a difficult adjustment Will had to make in 1937, when he retired. When an ambitious, energetic, conscientious man has worked from sun to sun for nearly sixty years, he finds a life of inactivity difficult and monotonous. Combined with the growing knowledge of the nature of his illness, Will had many hours to ponder. Will patterned around doing odd jobs, visiting, chatting with friends and then resting the next few months. Then he lost his appetite--he didn't enjoy his food as much as before. Even when Lizzie baked that wonderful bread, as she had done all these years, making individual biscuits as big as a small, ordinary loaf of bread, and holding the crust up till it was a real dark brown, as Will preferred it. However, Will kept his smile and his cheerful disposition regardless of his inner feelings. He was bedfast for six weeks before his death. Besides his cancer, he was afflicted with "shingles" these last agonizing weeks. He lost weight, and his body wasted away to a mere shadow as this dread disease consumed his energy and strength. Lizzie and his family were with him constantly these last trying days.

came that May 15, 1939 as usual. The shadows began to steel away, and the songs and chirping of the birds softly announced that another day was soon to be presented to the world--a day that would bring its blessings and demand its toll. A day that would distribute its joys and sorrows and bring its laughter and heartache. As the dawn crept over those beautiful, gigantic, purple mountains, and the first rays of sparkling, sunlight beamed across the meadows and valleys he loved so dearly, Will Davis quietly slipped from his mortal state to immortality. There were no outbursts of grief, no display of agonizing emotions in the room as this occurred. There were only quiet, controlled scenes of resignation.

Lizzie found life very difficult after Will's death. Her greatest consolation was to be found in her religious philosophy. Mormon doctrine is perhaps the only religion on earth which professes to know anything of life after this earthly existence. Lizzie was positive that she would be with Will again after death, and that this separation was but one of the steps of man's progression. She was convinced that this earthly life was but the second step in God's great Plan for the Eternities for His children--the first step being a pre-existence in spiritual form. She was just as sure that the third step was a departure of Spirit from the body, and that she would join Will in their spiritual state when Death claimed her also. Nor did she believe that this was the ultimate joy of man. No! She believed resurrections were to occur wherein body and spirit would eventually be reunited and transformed. Then together she and Will could bring their family together and progress through the eternities toward goals and ideals beyond mere man's highest and fondest hopes and expectations. Lizzie as grateful to the countless friends who called to express their condolences, and to pay their final tribute to Will. The chapel which seats nearly a thousand was filled to capacity for the funeral. This was but a small tribute to a wonderful man!

A 660 acre ranch is a great responsibility to anyone. With this and numerous other problems thrust upon her with Will's death, Lizzie used every ounce of reserved strength she had in order to keep herself and everything else under strict control. Such obligations and duties were continued and Lizzie tried to turn her sorrow in hard work.

Summer slipped by, and the Fall harvest was soon in process. Lizzie was cooking dinner one October day in 1939. As she leaned over to put some of her delicious, rich pies in the oven, she suddenly felt weak. She closed the oven and went over and sat down on a chair next to the table by the dining room door. A little boy, who was running an errand, came to the kitchen door. Lizzie's eyes were wide open, but she was unable to speak. She had had a stroke. The boy excitedly ran for Rex and Homer Blackley, Zella's boys, who were butchering a pig. They quickly called the doctor, Dr. W. W. Whorritt, who informed all that Lizzie had had a stroke. Sheer determination and stamina played a great part in Lizzie's recovery. She just couldn't be sick and stay in bed—even though at times, she just wanted to lie there and die. There were too many things which needed her attention—too much to be done.

Somehow, another year passed by. Lizzie was still working hard. Things were going pretty well on the ranch, but how she missed Will! In November, 1940, Nellie's son, Ken and his wife Sylvia decided to go back East and get a new truck. Lizzie and Nellie went too. The ~~same~~ trip to Flint, Michigan was a new exciting experience for Lizzie. She and Will had been so busy working they had never taken time for an extended trip. They had a good time together, even when Lizzie and Nellie got separated from Ken and Sylvia and got in the wrong station at Chicago. The taxi cab driver got them to the correct place in time, even though they didn't really know where they were, or exactly where they were going. How they chuckled later when they recalled the incident. Of course, they were both trying to "put on the dog", as the family called it. They stopped into the taxi and very elegantly settled back in the seat when the driver asked, "Where to, ladies?". They casually replied, "The bus station." When he said, "Which one, lady?", Lizzie and Nellie suddenly went weak. They didn't have the slightest idea. And when the driver told them there were hundreds of them, they were really worried.

After the travelers got the buick, they went across the border into Canada. They planned to go on east to New York, but a bad snow storm and blizzard swept the eastern states, so caution told them to turn homeward. The two weeks were two of the most enjoyable ones Lizzie had ever spent. She was determined to travel more from then on.

Lizzie stayed at the ranch until June, 1941, and then made a vital decision. She decided to move to Heber, and leave her ranch home with its multitude of memories. She sold the ranch to the New Park Mining Company for \$20,000. This was a small fortune at that time. Her brother-in-law, Ralph Johnson, Louella's husband, built her a lovely home at 27 East Third North in Heber for \$7,000. This, too, at that time was a sizable sum to pay for a five room house with basement. It was one of the nicest homes in town at the time. Lizzie was very proud when she moved in, August 15, 1941. The beauty, comfort and convenience of the home helped make the adjustment easier. Lizzie found the new electric refrigerator much nicer than the trip to the cellar beneath the wash house. The new electric stove though required more attention. Lizzie knew exactly how much wood or coal she would need for her different cooking purposes with the old range, but regulation electric plates by a switch was quite a different matter.

Before Will died, Zella's oldest boy, Rex, bought the buick, so they had not replaced the car, but used the pick-up truck instead. By the Fall of '41, Lizzie thought she would like to have a new car, so she purchased a 1941 Ford Sedan. There was a terrible rain storm in progress when Nellie's boy, Ken drove it up the driveway. Nevertheless, Lizzie got Zella and Nellie, and the four of them went for a ride. Lizzie drove the car, even though everyone always held their breath and crossed their fingers. I dare say the police officer who rode with her when she applied for a drivers licence, will always remember the incident with a smile. Lizzie always released the clutch suddenly and applied plenty of gas at the same time, but after this jerk and jolt, everything went along pretty smoothly—until the next start. Lizzie was in her 70's when she obtained this drivers licence. She kept the car several years, and then sold it to Ray R. Johnson, Louella's older boy.

On October 20, 1941, Lizzie had a heart attack. The excitement of leaving the beloved ranch, adjusting to a new home, new neighbors, and a new location proved too much of a strain. Mr. Taylor and Rodney Giles came in a short time later and asked her if she would like to call in the Elders and have them administer to her. She quietly answered, "I've already had them."

However, Lizzie was soon back to normal, and she found her new house gradually becoming "home" to her.

Lizzie seemed to grow younger every day. Her energy was endless, and her health was excellent. On January 7, 1942, Open House was held for her in honor of her seventy-second birthday. The hundreds of people who came to extend best wishes was but a token of their affection for a grand friend.

May, 1942 found Lizzie traveling again. Nellie's two older children, Ken and Irene, lived with their families in Los Angeles. Lizzie took the Burlington bus, while Nellie rode with her neighbor, Bertha Clyde in a car. They arrived in Los Angeles at the same time, and what a pleasant surprise it was to everyone! Every tourist attraction in Los Angeles County was enjoyed by the sightseers. Lizzie will always remember the one night in particular when General Patton and General Doolittle were honored at the Coliseum. The starting time was near when Ken got the car parked, so everyone was hurrying. "Well, Grandma, we'll have to stop on it if we are going to get a seat. Do you think you can make it that far?" Ben Cushing, Irene's husband said, as he took her arm and began to stride towards the coliseum. Lizzie replied, "Don't you worry about me." With this, she gingerly stepped along beside him, and they must have set an all-time record in distance traveled within such a short time. Ben later confessed he had a hard time keeping up with her. Years later they still chuckled about their "dash" to the coliseum.

World War II was in process by this time, and with it came the mixed emotions of patriotism and sorrow. Countless young men were called to serve their country. Among them was Defer, Zella's youngest son. He was stationed for a time near San Francisco, so Thanksgiving of 1942 found Lizzie and Zella on the bus bound for California. Their first stop was San Francisco, where they visited De before he went across seas. Then they continued to Los Angeles, and back through Las Vegas to Utah again.

By 1945, Lizzie had made two more trips to L. A. Each trip seemed more enjoyable as she visited old friends like Janet Taylor. Janet lived in Wilmington, so Lizzie and Nellie spent a few days with her. Janet had a pet bulldog named, "Billy". Lizzie had never been used to a dog around the house before, so this was quite a different experience--especially when Billy ate at the table with them, and also had his teeth brushed. Lizzie and Nellie ever got so they would take him for his evening walk--a customary thing to most Californians. These walks proved interesting also. A Pentecostal Church was close by Janet's home. To one who has never seen nor heard a typical pentecostal revival, the actions and sounds can prove rather startling--if not shocking--especially to a person like Lizzie who was accustomed to the quiet, reverent, yet unemotional atmosphere of a Mormon meeting. Billy was kept out much later some nights than he needed to be, I'm sure. A many time user of Janet's, and Lizzie added another enjoyable memory to her "book of remembrance".

Lizzie did make one big change at this time. She decided to stop driving her car. Confidentially, for years the family had sat breathless with fingers crossed, every time she had got behind the wheel, so everyone was really happy when she made this decision. Fay A. Johnson, Lowell's older son bought it.

Lizzie loved her new home by now. The sentimental strings which were attached to the old ranch home were slowly fading as she gracefully adjusted to her new environment. One person who perhaps played a bigger part than anyone else in this adjustment, was a close neighbor, who lived next door, Isabell Baum. Isabell became a delightful companion and a truly wonderful friend to "Elizabeth" as she affectionately and respectfully called Lizzie. Countless hours in the morning, afternoon and evening, were spent in a warm, cozy atmosphere of sincere, deep companionship between these two friends.

Lizzie lost her desire to travel as quickly as she had gained it. She didn't become a "home body", by any means, but a trip or two to Salt Lake and Provo each week, seemed sufficient. No more long, extended trips to California, or back East--she just rather preferred to stay home, and have her friends and family visit her. She had so much more leisure time now--with no chores to speak of, a smaller house to clean, and practically no meals to cook. Nellie sent, or had her come to dinner nearly every day for years. Other meals were enjoyed with Zella or other friends. Then too, Zella had been doing her washing for her even before she left the ranch, so she was relieved of this burden also.

In August, 1951, Zella's husband, George passed away. His death was not sudden. His health had been failing for two years, and the last six months were indeed difficult for both George and Zella. He was nearly bedfast, and Zella waited on him 24 hours each day. Lizzie helped as much as she could, but towards the end, there was little anyone could do. She stood by helplessly, with the others, and watched once again, as she had eleven years previously, while cancer took its toll.

Indian summer came, and the bleak chill of November soon permeated the little Wasatch valley. Lizzie spent a great deal of time with Zella during these difficult months. December came, and with it the wonderful, exciting Christmas season.

Christmas, 1951, was spent with Nellie and her family. All of Nellie's children were home and the air rang with merriment and happiness. Songs, laughter, love and joy were evident ~~about~~ at all times and in all places. Everything seemed to be just perfect. Fine gifts and good food were surely in abundance. The tree was brilliant and beautiful. Even the weather seemed perfect—plenty of snow, yet not too cold. It seemed that everyone was just bursting with the true Christmas spirit—their hearts were filled with warmth, peace, contentment and goodwill.

The two weeks were so full of excitement, it seemed a little empty, yet satisfying as everyone readjusted to the daily routine patterns of their lives.

January 19, 1952 began as countless other Saturdays had begun. Lizzie rose early as usual, fixed her breakfast and called Nellie. They chatted for a short time, then Nellie wanted to get her usual Saturday's work done, so she said "goodbye", and each went about their daily tasks. Little did they or anyone else realize the tragedy that was to strike the family before nightfall. Shortly after five p. m., Nellie had a stroke. It happened suddenly—just a sharp pain in her head while she was talking on the phone to her neighbor, Bertha Clyde. Arnold, Phyllis, and Donna Mae just happened to return from the store at that moment. They put her in bed and called the doctor, who came immediately. He felt she would recover, and said there was nothing he could do, but would call the next morning. Arnold called Bishop Heber Rasband, who came, and the two administered to her. While the prayer was being said, Nellie seemed to relax, as if she could hear them. Then as they said "Amen", Nellie smiled, an expression of peace and contentment came over her face. Arnold had his hand on her neck, and he felt the pulse drop and stop. "She's dead," he said quietly. Nellie's earthly life was over within 40 minutes after the first pain had struck her.

Lizzie had faced death many times, but never had she been so shocked and overwhelmed by it. Perhaps it was the unexpectedness, and the suddenness of Nellie's death that made it so difficult to comprehend. Perhaps it was because she had been closer to Nellie the past few years than ever before. Perhaps it was because she had come to depend upon her so much. Perhaps it was a combination of all of these things which made this period one of the most difficult hardships she had ever been called to face.

As the weeks slipped into months, Lizzie's spirit seemed to wilt a little. Her energy decreased, her rosy color changed to a pallor, and her laugh was seldom heard. October 19, 1952, she too, had a stroke. For six weeks, Zella devotedly attended her mother. She moved right in, and was by her side day and night. All her own responsibilities and problems became secondary as she cared for her mother so unselfishly. The stroke affected Lizzie's speech and her walk slightly. Most women at the age of 82½ would have given up, and been bedfast for the rest of their lives. Not Lizzie! She was never made of that sort of material. Within a short time, she was practically back to normal. Her speech came slower, but this too, was overcome completely within a year. Even her "game leg", as she laughingly calls it, couldn't win. Of course, that knee would bother her, and got a little stiff, but still she kept on the go and refused to pamper it.

The doctor made a regular call, and was amazed as everyone else, at her wonderful recovery. On August 20, 1954, he asked her to come to the hospital for a check-up. She was 84½ years old, and it was the first time she had ever been to a hospital, except to visit someone else. You can imagine the hospital staff's reaction, when she told them, also, that she had never had a "shot", simply because she had never needed one. They shook their heads in amazement—a woman like that in this day of wonder drugs!

And so another year has past. Lizzie is still enjoying the best of health, and finds life very wonderful. Her smile and chuckle are part of her again. There is a rose in her cheeks, and only a few gray hairs in her head. There is just one thing she finds impossible—she can't lift her arm high enough to comb her hair. Zella does it. Many years ago, Lizzie had received a comfortable little rocking chair, as a fine gift. It seemed the perfect place to sit, while she vigorously combed her long, black hair. As she sat in the rocker, and leaned back to comb her hair, it rippled, shiny and black down to the floor. Then with a flip of her wrist, she would twist it into a bob, and with giant sized hair pins, it was neatly in place at the nape of her neck for the rest of the day. Her hair is still long, and Zella still puts it in a braided bob for her.

Lizzie still reads the paper throughout each morning, visits with her friends and neighbors, goes to Provo, Salt Lake, or Ogden, when the occasion arises, still cleans her

house, and still keeps up on the happenings of the day. She lives in the present and the future--which is surely a part of the secret to her happiness and peace of mind. Her nephew, President H. Clay Cummings, asked her a question recently. "Aunt Liz", he said, "Are you afraid to die?" "Good heavens, no," she exclaimed! "I've got so much to look forward to, and so many of my family to meet again. You know, there are more on the 'other side' than here."

This is a typical example of Lizzie Davis, because she has such a wonderful philosophy of life, and has lived such an abundant life--spiritually, emotionally, and materially.

As one recounts a few of the events in this woman's life, it is easy to comprehend the cause of her profound character. Stalwart, conscientious, determined, brave, kind and considerate--these are but a few characteristics which are part of this woman's personality, and are evident to her family and friends. There are so many more wonderful qualities, it would be difficult to list them. Every person who meets and knows her, though, is left with an indelible impression on his memory of a good woman and a sincere friend. Lizzie Davis will be remembered long after countless others are forgotten.

Her strength of character, personal integrity, thoughtful deeds and gestures have surely left their mark in the moulding of my character. These combined qualities, plus her love and consideration towards me, have given me memories which have become priceless treasures to me. I shall always be indebted to her for these rare gifts, and I hold them, and my love and respect for her in the highest possible esteem. I truly feel that it is a privilege and an honor for me to be able to call this woman, "Grandmother".

Compiled and completed October 31, 1955
by Eva Ireta Johnson Cushing, in Los Angeles, California.

(It has been a thrilling experience to collect and compile these facts about "Grandmother". May I apologize for the mistakes in word ~~selection~~ selection and sentence structure. This is just a first draft. At some future date, I shall endeavor to re-write the entire history, make the needed corrections, and add further data. I shall also find a typewriter which "spells correctly".)